1st English Men no Bastards:

OR, A

SATYR

Against the Author of

The True-Born English-man.

17. May. 1701.

'Tis an Ill Bird that befouls its own Nest.

WHat makes an *English Sat'rist* loosely write
Against his *Country-men* with so much spite;
Revile their *Honour* and their *Blood* debase,
To please the Quagmire of a *croaking Race?*
Sure *He's* some *True-Born Dutchman's* easy Tool,
Or else, 'tis Money makes him play the Fool.
Thou art the *Proverb* of that nasty Beast
Which does befoul its own peculiar *Nest*.
But since with *Honest Births* you make such pother,
Among the rest, Good Sir, what was your *Mother?*
Some mighty *Fro*, or *Lady of the Stove*,
When *Art* with *Nature* in Production strove
To make a Hot-Brain'd giddy Man disgrace
England, for a *Promiscuous Foreign Race?*
If not; from whence did those *Ill Vapours* rise
Which made *You* the whole Nation *Bastardize?*
Was't *Folly*, *Pride* or *Knav'ry* rais'd Thy Hand
T'expose to *Foreigners* thy *Native Land*,
For harb'ring Civil Jarrs and groundless Fears,
To set the *King* and *People* by the Ears?
We find no *Feuds* but what *Thy Scrolls* create,
First to reproach and then divide the *State*.
The *Land's* not discontented with the *Crown*;
Nor for the want of *War*, unhappy grown.
But *Things* of late are better understood,
For Common Safety and the Publick Good.
Our *Senators* do peaceably unite
Against *Thy Pen*, the *French* and *Jacobite*.
They punish all Corruptions of the *Great*,
From highest Treason to a little Cheat;
Damn all Offences of *Corrupting Gold*,
And save the *Land* from being *Bought* and *Sold*.
So the *whole Diff'rence* in the *House* is This,
Who shall contribute most to *England's Bliss*.
But *Foreigners* are like Thy gingling *Rhimes*;
Thou palls our *Peace*, and *They* corrupt our *Times*.
It is Thy chief Design and deepest Plot
To advance the *Dutch* and raise the *Huguenot*.
Sure, at *True Englishmen* Thou only rails,
Because *Min Heer* is not made *Prince of Wales:*
Or else because the Kingdom's *Golden Key*
Is not giv'n up to *Foreign* Treachery.
For *Court-Preferments make Men Knaves in Course*,
Then *Knaves* preferr'd must needs be ten times worse;
And so it is an *Honourable* Case,
That *Greatest Villains* should be out of Place.
Were such a *Reformation* in Thy Pow'r,
Perhaps *Van Dunk* would be *Lord Chancellour*.
Or else, in Thy kind Politick Vagary,
He should be made our *State's chief Secretary*.
Strangers should be preferr'd without Disgust
To all our Offices of Greatest Trust;
Advanc'd, Ennobled, and then who but *They*,
To manage all Affairs and bear the Sway?
If Things were so indeed; for ne'er so much
We durst not disoblige Thy Darling *Dutch*:
But *Englishmen* may thank their kinder Fates,
Whose *Lives*, *Laws*, *Fortunes* (as the *Poet* prates)
Depend not on the *High and mighty States*.
Thy Bolt is shot, and thy vile Anger's bent
Against the *Publick Spir'ted Parliament*;
For turning *Private Grants* to Better Use,
And regulating ev'ry Court-Abuse.
For Why should not *The Forfeited Estates*
Go to the Paying off the Nation's *Debts*;
In spite of *lavish Poets* that Pay none,
But still contract for more and still Tick-on:
Till like a *Beggar'd Kingdom*, they're undone?
Why should our *Frugal Senators* allow
Their *Money* to be spent They know not *How*,
To fill the *Pockets* of aspiring Men;
And not make *Them* vast Sums refund again?
Why should the *Wisdom of the Nation* give
A squand'ring Absolute *Prerogative?*
For private Pensions and Preferments given
Will never with our *Neighbours* make us even.
For *This*, Wise *Statesmen whet their politick Tongues*
Against Encroachments and Clandestine Wrongs.
And *They* this *Babbled Nation disabuse*
For being over Lib'ral and Profuse.
This made deserving *Soldiers* want their *Pay*,
And *Subjects* so uneasie to *OBEY*.
It made us languish all the Kingdom o'er
To give in *War* and *Peace*, and still give more;
And yet those *Gifts* did but encrease our *Poor*.
It brought upon us ev'ry wasting Plague
Not felt at *Amsterdam* or at the *Hague*.

Howe'er

Howe'er, your Spleen most prodigally Works,
To entertain *Jews*, *Infidels*, and *Turks*:
Or, *Sir*, in milder *Satyr*, if you please,
To settle and enrich *French Refugies*;
Who Rigg-out all our Female Foppish *Beaus*,
From fine *Head-dresser*, to a Pair of *Shoes*,
And take the Bread out of the *Natives* Mouths.
In all our *Trades*, these are notorious Truths.
Should *We* then not at *Foreigners* repine,
Which against *England*'s Interest combine;
And raise *Their* Fortunes on our *Tradesmen*'s Fate,
Who're ruin'd quite in the *New-fangled State?*
But 'tis in Fashion, and a Faithless Evil,
That *English-men* should ever be so Civil [*Devil.*
To growing Knaves; the *French*, *Dutch*, and the

Now *my just Satyr* shall to *Truth* appeal,
And all *Thy* foul false *Calumnies* reveal.
The Lawless *Poet*'s so genteely Bred,
He neither spares the *Living* nor the *Dead*.
The Honour and the Memory of *Kings*,
To *Libertines*, are no such sacred Things.
His base unmannerly and partial Zeal,
Lashes our *Vices* in the *Common-weal*;
But all our *Expiating Vertues* does conceal.

First, in an Angry and Revengefull Mood,
He charges *England* with INGRATITUDE.
To *Whom?* Our Friends the *Dutch*. But pray for *What?*
Because *They*'re not promoted in the State,
For *Their* good Service in *Our* Deliv'rance,
From Slavish *Popery* and Pow'rfull *France*:
Or else, perhaps, because *They*'re made *Too Great*,
And would *Impeaching Parliaments* defeat.
I'm confident *They* never wanted Pay,
Either to *Save* the Kingdom or *Betray*.
Their Swelling Mountain-Million-money-Banks.
Declare our *Gratitude* and shew our *Thanks*.
But how should *We* to *Them* Ungratefull be,
As long as *They* enjoy our *Fishery?*

Next, with reproachfull Spight his Fury burns,
And on our *Births*, we cannot help, it turns.
He calls the *English*, Rogues and Sons of Whores,
For turning his Dear *Dutch-men* out of Doors.
Thus He Lampoons the Peaceful *Parliament*,
Which useless *Guards* to their own Country sent,
And casts Aspersions on their Lawfull Pow'r,
For *Their disbanding Troops* They need no more.
Their *Reassumptions of the* Irish *Grants*,
To lessen our Expence, and help our Wants,
Make *Him* their well-known *Loyalty* revile,
And basely Scandalize our injur'd *Isle*.
But nothing disobliges Him so much,
Not settling *Here* the *Interloping Dutch*;
Making *Them* equal Sharers and our Mates,
In all our *Places*, *Profits*, and *Estates*.

This makes him keenly whet his Pestilent *P*
Against the Honest *True-Born English-men*.
He grossly wrongs the Antient Pedigree
Of our Brave *Gentry* and *Nobility*.
He does our Honour and Extraction gall
With less Respect than to a *Cobler's-stall*.
As if the *Heralds-Office* were a Place,
Of a mean Spurious, Upstart, Foreign Race.
He persecutes *Good Princes* in their Graves,
And makes them *Lazy and Lascivious Slaves*;
And Their surviving noble *Progeny*,
Are from his *Lawless Scandals* no less Free.
So all our *Families* undistinguisht lay,
Deriv'd from *Nothing*, or a *Bastard-Clay*.
Then furiously on *Government* he falls,
And ev'ry *English Senate-Member* mauls;
Their *Persons* with their *Practices* confounds,
And both at once their Blood and *Base'ness* wounds.
For He asserts it in his Bold Caricre,
'Tis Impudence and Money makes a Peer.
Of our Great *Patriots* such *Scoundrels* makes;
Lords are Mechanicks, *Gentlemen are Rakes.*
Why, *This* is His whole Ground for that Reproach;
These are the Heroes that despise the Dutch.
The *Dutch* more *Guelt* had ow'd him for his Pains,
If *He* had shew'd more *Manners* or more *Brains*.
But will our *Lords and Commons* Vote him Thanks,
For His *Abusing People of all Ranks?*

Well! *Satyrist*, where'er *Thou* was Begot;
Whether *Scotch*, *English*, *Dutch*, or *Huguenot*.
What *Country* e'er may of thy Extract brave;
Physician, *Soldier*, or an *Hired Slave:*
Thy *Name* by Thy *Ill Nature* should be KNAVE.
But if traduced *England* gave Thee *Birth*,
Thou'rt the most *Murd'ring Viper* of the Earth.
Thy *Tongue*'s no *Slander*, and thy *Pen*'s no *Sword*;
Or else at ev'ry Foul-mouth'd *Stabbing* Word,
Thou'd Sacrific'd some hated *English Lord:*
Or through thy *Mothers Bowels* cut thy way,
To make thy *Native Land* a *Foreign Prey.*
But now thy Chiefest *Qualities* are known [Town,
Through damning Crowds and all the wronged
For an *Unnat'ral* and *Abusive Clown.*
Vile Wretch! Thy Brain with *Excrements* boiles o'er,
Thy Wit's *Corrupt*, Thy Mouth's a *Common-shore.*
For *Ribaldry*, let Him believ't who can,
Thou'rt any *True-Born* English *Gentleman.*
Howe'er conceal thy Ignominious Name,
Out of repenting Modesty, for Shame.
Left falling in some *True-Born* English *Clutch*,
Thou scarce be *sav'd* by the *Almighty* Dutch.
For if *Thou'rt* fairly found within his Bounds,
He'll write *Thy Character* in Blood and Wounds.

F I N I S.

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